

# THE WOMEN





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## The Omen of DEATH

Volume 13, Number 4  
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[hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old\\_archive](http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old_archive)

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"What part  
of 'fucking the  
waffle iron'  
don't you  
understand?"

Quote Attributed to  
Brady Burroughs

## Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk**—IBM or high density Mac—but **hard copy** is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?**

The *Omen* is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



## The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Wade Stuckwisch

**H**i, my name is Wade Stuckwisch, and tonight I will be playing the part of Jacob Chabot.

Let's talk a little about respect. Respect is what makes the world go 'round. Some respect is earned. Other respect is given out freely as a courtesy. This is called common respect, also known as common decency or common courtesy. Follow me so far? Good.

Hampshire students ain't got no respect. I'm not talking about respect for authority or some bullshit like that. That's an earned respect. I'm talking about common respect. For a campus that talks so much about respecting the environment or the needs of minorities or the plight of the working class, the members of this community have an appalling lack of common respect for each other.

Here's an example. The other day, my close personal associate Mr. Jacob Chabot realized that most of the gas had disappeared from his 1978 Plymouth Volare overnight while he was parked in the Merrill/Dakin parking lot. At first he thought he might have a leak in his gas tank. However, after a few days when

no more gas had disappeared, he realized that his gas had been siphoned. All right, whoever you are who stole Jacob's gas—what the fuck is that about? If you are attending this college and you can afford to own a car, you can obviously afford gas. Either that or you shouldn't own a car. And anyway, do you think someone driving a beat up 1978 Plymouth Volare didn't need that gas as much or more than you? **You are obviously a lazy, worthless piece of shit and you should die. And yes, I mean that.**

This is an example of what I'm talking about—common respect. When you don't give out this respect, you lose your respect. This is the reason why, if either I or Jacob ever catch anybody siphoning gas from anyone ever again at this school, we will beat you within an inch of your life, and don't think we're joking. You, me, bare-knuckle boxing in the Merrill quad, now.

To prevent further random violence by members of the Hampshire College community, I suggest that everyone take this pledge:

- *I will respect fellow students.* I will not steal or borrow without permission the belongings of my fellow students, or campus property which is commonly used by my fellow students. I will not smell so bad that my body odor can be detected beyond my hall or mod.
- *I will respect campus workers.* I will not mess up or deface any campus property which must be cleaned by a person who makes less money than my parents. I will take out my own recycling. I will not enter the dining commons after 7PM, or after 1PM on a weekend. I will not stay past closing time in any campus building with a work study monitor. I will not stay for more than 15 minutes past closing in the dining commons.
- *I will respect myself.* I will respect others as they deserve it. I will deserve the respect of others by my actions. I will give common respect to all who respect others.
- *I will respect Jacob Chabot.* I will not siphon Jacob's gas ever again. If I have done this I will readily submit to a Singapore-style caning.

### 'In the Joint' with Chuck is Naked

By Caleb Chabot







# POLICE LOG!

October 5 - October 18

## Motor Vehicle

### Accident

Oct. 5, 3:20 p.m.: Franklin Patterson Lot  
Oct. 16, 12:50 p.m.: Bus Circle; car was hit

### Motor Vehicle Stop

Oct. 5, 6:41 p.m.: Main Drive; stop sign violation—verbal warning  
Oct. 5, 8:30 p.m.: Library Drive; speeding—verbal warning  
Oct. 8, 1:30 a.m.: Franklin Patterson/Dakin Rd; speeding—verbal warning  
Oct. 9, 4:35 p.m.: 4 Corners; speeding—verbal warning  
Oct. 9, 8:05 p.m.: Dakin; speeding—verbal warning  
Oct. 14, 3:04 a.m.: Enfield; driving on lawn  
Oct. 15, 8:12 p.m.: Back Gate; speeding—verbal warning

### Motor Vehicle Tow

Oct. 12, 6:45 p.m.: Enfield; vehicle towed from Enfield lot  
Oct. 16, 9:26 a.m.: Enfield Circle; vehicle towed from fire lane

### Fire

Oct. 15, 12:42 a.m.: Dakin north sidewalk; small pile of pine needles ignited—extinguished

### Suspicious/Unwanted Person

Oct. 8, 10:03 a.m.: Prescott; person found searching dorm  
Oct. 16, 9:35 a.m.: Physical Plant; two pick-up trucks with hunters on school property  
Oct. 17, 2:10 p.m.: Bay Road; sent home on bus

## Fire Alarm/Fire

### Hazard

Oct. 6, 7:09 p.m.: Prescott; cooking smoke  
Oct. 6, 7:40 p.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke  
Oct. 12, 8:24 p.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke  
Oct. 13, 3:45 p.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke  
Oct. 14, 10:28 a.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke  
Oct. 14, 7:10 p.m.: Enfield; cigarette smoke  
Oct. 18, 12:50 p.m.: Prescott; waste paper basket fire—extinguished  
Oct. 18, 8:58 p.m.: Hazard—FPH; coffee pot left on

### Intrusion Alarm

Oct. 10, 12:59 p.m.: Robert Crown Center; accidental  
Oct. 16, 8:18 a.m.: Robert Crown Center; accidental

### Miscellaneous

Oct. 5, 7:05 p.m.: 4 Corners; paperwork exchange  
Oct. 8, 9:30 a.m.: Dakin; found wallet—owner contacted  
Oct. 9, 11:00 a.m.: Campus; person separated from tour group  
Oct. 12, 12:33 a.m.: Saga; found wallet—owner notified  
Oct. 17, 2:28 p.m.: Loading Dock; found property—returned to owner

### Drug Abuse Violation

Oct. 5, 1:15 a.m.: Merrill; complaint of marijuana smoke  
Oct. 17, 2:28 a.m.: Greenwich; drug abuse violation

## Disturbance

Oct. 5, 12:00 a.m.: Prescott; noise complaint—unfounded  
Oct. 11, 2:10 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint  
Oct. 12, 12:54 a.m.: Enfield; noise complaint  
Oct. 12, 10:58 p.m.: Prescott; tossing bottles off balcony at people walking by—occupants warned  
Oct. 13, 11:55 p.m.: Dakin; noise complaint—unfounded  
Oct. 14, 12:02 a.m.: Enfield; small group playing guitar—cooperative  
Oct. 17, 2:25 a.m.: Enfield; loud music  
Oct. 17, 3:46 a.m.: Enfield; loud music—shut down  
Oct. 17, 11:31 p.m.: Merrill; noise complaint

### Larceny

Oct. 12, 9:05 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; stolen bike  
Oct. 17, 3:35 a.m.: Greenwich; computer and two stereos stolen from dorm

### Vandalism

Oct. 6, 12:54 a.m.: Dakin; spindles missing from banister  
Oct. 10, 3:47 a.m.: Library Circle; flagpole light removed

### Special Services

Oct. 7, 11:00 p.m.: Enfield Circle; assist motorist in jump-starting their car  
Oct. 13, 10:45 p.m.: Enfield; assisted with jump-starting their car

### Animals

Oct. 9, 2:45 p.m.: Prescott; found dog on campus—owner contacted

www.hate.edu



SECTION

HATE!

by Michelle Beach

I hate this school. Right now, I can't think of a thing that I like about being here. I guess this means that I have become a bitter older student. It's not a very nice thing to be and I wish I wasn't one.

Hampshire is a school based on evaluations. We are evaluated at the end of each class, at the end of each division, for our community service. We evaluate ourselves, our classes, the faculty, the food in the cafeteria, our social life. But we never get to truly evaluate our time spent at Hampshire.

No one thinks to ask students at the end of their Division III to reflect on their whole experience at Hampshire. I'm sure students have a lot of interesting and useful things to say about the time they spent here. Having went through the system, we are the ones who know best what worked for us and what didn't (well, what we thought worked and didn't work). We are in a very good position to discuss what's good, what's bad, and what could be better.

If I felt that someone really cared what I, a graduating student, thought about my time here and would actually listen to and do something with the information I gave them, I would leave the school a lot less bitter. But what does it matter what I think? I'm leaving. They've already got all of the money they are going to get from me for a while. So why does it matter if I'm happy or not?

Recently I've heard talk about having graduating students and alums evaluate their experience here. That's great; I'm glad people are talking about this. Some of them may even be doing it, which is even better. But what's more important is

what is done with the information obtained. If it just gets read over and tossed aside, then what's the point collecting it? Maybe someone will take the time to make it into some pretty pie charts. Maybe, eventually, someone will develop some initiatives about how to fix things. Probably, at the same time, someone else will come up with a set of completely different initiatives.

We can write and write and talk and talk, but if nothing is done with the information in a timely fashion, then what good is all of it? People here like talking, they like committees, and plans, and surveys. But they don't seem to do anything.

**Everyone wants to talk, no one actually wants to do anything.**

People, students mostly, aren't interested in what's happening on campus. They only care and get involved when big things happen. And most often, big things are bad things. So the campus gets fired up over one issue, are involved for a brief time and then the interest dies away before anything is truly resolved. Getting involved and actually changing things on campus is difficult. It takes time and commitment. It takes the ability to work towards changes that you will never see happen. Students don't seem to want to get involved in these changes. They complain when they aren't included in discussions, but often don't attend meetings and don't work towards follow-up. And, yet, for some reason, students have the ability to work towards just about anything off campus, no matter what their chance of winning is. Maybe it's because they don't have to do anything directly. Writ-

ing a letter and holding a teach-in about non-Hampshire issues is so much easier than actually working to make meaningful change on campus by working directly with the administration.

There doesn't seem to be a way to get students interested in on-campus issues in a big way. Some think that we need to bribe them in with other activism type issues. Then once they are there we can spring the Hampshire stuff on them. But the people interested in doing the bribing aren't interested in the Hampshire stuff anyway, so what does it matter? No one seems to care about getting things done on campus. Students used to. I remember them. What happened to them?

They got bitter and tired of working on things with too little help only to have everything they worked for undone by someone else. So now they lock themselves away and work on their Div 3's. Or go on leave and disappear. Or they graduate and refuse to talk about Hampshire, much less donate money.

Is there a way to resolve this? Probably, but I don't know what it is (any advice would be welcome). Would evaluations of the Hampshire experience help or solve anything and make people less bitter? Probably not. But then, that's just me being cynical. If graduating students actually took the time to think about what they've actually accomplished at Hampshire, I think even the bitterest older student would find something good. And if only for that, retrospective evaluations may be a good idea. Though just the thought that I would be spending my time doing yet another thing that no one is going to look at or care about leaves a bitter taste in my mouth.



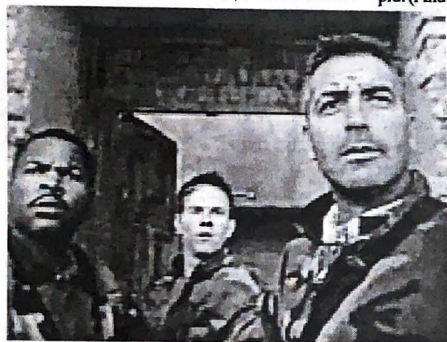


by Wade Stuckwisch

**S**o I woke up the other morning, walked into my bathroom, and found a poster advertising the fact that the governor of Pennsylvania had finally signed Mumia Abu-Jamal's death warrant. That sure started my day off right. I haven't had much hope since his last appeal was denied, but the situation didn't seem quite so hopeless. It wasn't even a very good poster. It didn't have any information about Mumia or the actual case. It was full of all this blind empty rhetoric about frying Philadelphia and how the governor is a "facist" and about how Mumia is a martyr for "The Movement" or some crap. Okay, let's take a step back here, screw The Movement for a second. We're talking about a man dying. That's tragic. Thank you. Now let's go back to The Movement. We're talking about a man who is probably dying for a crime he probably didn't commit and definitely shouldn't be executed for. That's a travesty. Even worse is that Mumia Abu-Jamal is almost definitely not the only victim of his kind on Death Row. If anyone wants to know more about the case, there are numerous Web resources dedicated to Mumia's cause (I believe Pacifica <[www.pacifica.org](http://www.pacifica.org)> has a large page about him), or you can ask anyone who saw Leonard Weinglass speak here a couple years

## Three Beers: Not Enough for Wade

ago for info. As for the whole "Mumia dies, Philadelphia fries" angle, I think it's a little irresponsible for someone safely in Massachusetts to plaster the campus with a phrase like that. Personally, I would love to see a huge riot if and when Mumia get executed, because I think sadly it may be one of the few gestures that could open people's eyes to the injustices of his case. I'm not a big proponent of Hammurabi's Law; I don't believe



"Yep—that's definitely a boy elephant."

in taking an eye for an eye. On the other hand, I'm not exactly a pacifist either. But enough about me.

So I saw this movie *Three Kings* the other day. It has George Clooney and Ice Cube and Marky Mark and Spike Jonze in it. It's about the Persian Gulf war. It was directed by the guy who did *Spanking The Monkey* and *Flirting With Disaster*, David O. Russell. I really have trouble believing that Warner Brothers produced a film this overtly political. The

entire power of the movie lies in a) the message that U.S. foreign policy is fucked in the head and has nothing to do with any political reality beyond the corporate/imperialist goals of these here United States, and b) showing the massive wealth and class disparities between the rich oil sheiks and dictators of Kuwait and Iraq and the powerless common people. To quote the great Western poet Boy George, war, war is stupid and people are stupid. (And love means nothing in some

strange quarters... I'm sorry, my sister was always a huge Culture Club fan.) The other cool thing about this movie is that Saïd from *La Haine* (a.k.a. *Hate*, a superb French movie you should all see) plays Captain Saïd, the Iraqi soldier who tortures Mark Wahlberg. Hey, any movie where they torture Marky Mark is a good movie.

So I know that what I usually write is funny. Oh well, I'm sorry. I saw a po-

litical movie, I have political issues on my mind. Flip through this issue, maybe I wrote something else funny elsewhere. Lately I can't seem to take praise so I guess it's OK if nobody likes this anyway. But enough about me. Go see movies. Bye.

*Next week: Tell Jacob Chabot to quit being a cheap sonofabitch and go to Springfield to see "Fight Club" with me. I will be reviewing that or "Bringing Out The Dead."*



## Twenty-Five Twenty-Two Fourteen

by Michael Benni Pierce

**A**t the end of this article, you will realize that the only reason you read it was because of the excessive number of times I type the words "Penis," "Vagina," and "Testicular Cancer." It's alright to admit that you find the words "Penis," "Vagina," and "Testicular Cancer," highly amusing when placed in such a context as this. It is also all right to admit that you have a certain connection to these words, for each of us has at least one of the three things listed here as a permanent part of us, until we die. In essence, the words "Penis," "Vagina," and "Testicular Cancer" are words that mean both life and death to us. They make our lives more meaningful, but, if we make life too meaningful, they can kill us.

Noam Vallium was once a man with a penis. He lost his penis in World War II after fucking a whore with a vagina. He doesn't remember her name now. He only remembers that the day after he fucked her, he marched into battle and had his penis maliciously blown off by enemy fire. He wished that the enemy fire had killed him. He now pees with a plastic tube connected to his bladder.

Betty Cerami is still a woman with a vagina. In fact, she has never risked her vagina out in the field. She finds the filthy act of intercourse to be nothing more than a man domineering a woman. She lets him fill her vagina with his throbbing penis, and by doing this, she succumbs to male dominance. Betty would never let this happen to her. Although there were nights when the dildo was not enough to satisfy her needs, she would keep her vagina locked up be-

hind a veil of chastity. Fucking yourself was way better than ever letting a man touch you.

Jackson Borleyham has testicular cancer. It had run in his family as far as his genetic tree could be traced. It attacked the males at about the age of 35, and within ten years, the victim would be dead. Jackson is not dead yet; Jackson is 37. He has a penis and still uses it when he can. However, women who know he has testicular cancer don't want to touch him because they think they can catch his cancer through intercourse. **Jackson is sometimes forced to use a rubber vagina that he bought out of a catalog for himself.** It doesn't feel as good as a real vagina, but it's better than renting a whore.

Greg Hamburg is a person, but a person that is different from Noam, Betty, and Jackson. This person has no penis, no vagina, and is not infected with testicular cancer. This person was born sexless. Greg Hamburg has nothing that distinguishes him as a male or a female. Greg Hamburg has no idea what sex is. Greg thinks that it would be possible to bud asexually. Greg tried, but failed. Greg then tried to take over the government with a pack of C-4 strapped to his midsection. He ended up getting on the subway and detonating early.

So far, penis has been used 10 times, vagina has been used 12 times, and testicular cancer has been used 7 times. With this in mind, I would just like to say, "Penis penis



penis penis. Vagina vagina penis penis. Testicular cancer. Penis. Testicular Cancer. Vagina. Penis penis penis. Vagina. Vagina. Vagina. Testicular cancer." That now brings the total number of times in this article up to: penis - 21 times, vagina - 19 times, and testicular cancer - 11 times.

There was one point in their lives that Noam, Betty, Jackson, and Greg crossed paths. None of them knew each other before the incident, and after the incident, the same was still true. The incident that bonded them all momentarily in life was a drive-in theatre showing the premiere of *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. They all happen to be big Trekkies.

Now I turn the ideas expressed in this article over to the reader to evaluate. What meaning do you find in what you have just read? Is there a meaning here that I am trying to express, or am I expecting you to find one all on your own? In either case, people look for meaning in everything, and sometimes, just sometimes, there may be something that did not intend to have any special meaning, but receive it anyway. Examples? Stonehenge, Canada, imaginary numbers. In other words, be careful what you find meaning in. Penis, vagina, and testicular cancer are all just words, random combinations of letters put together. The meanings that they express are in our minds alone. They mean nothing to the aliens watching us at this moment. Penis. Penis. Vagina. Testicular cancer. (See the title of this article for the final number of times penis, vagina, and testicular cancer were used in this article, in that order.)





# Better Living Through Lower Standards

by Michael Zole

I became a musician for many reasons, but the main one was to avoid college. Back in 8th grade, I had the bizarre idea that landing a record deal before I finished high school would make a college degree (and therefore a real job) unnecessary. Hey, Beck only went to a month of high school, and he (eventually) did all right!

Thus it came to pass that I ran off a few copies of my demo ("100% Heroin Free") and sent it to Flipside Records (a tiny label/zine that released one of Beck's more obscure albums), K Records, and Sub Pop. I believe I actually called Olympia, Washington and left a humiliating message on the K answering machine. Perhaps needless to say, I never heard back from any of them. Although my will did not break immediately, a few years later I broke down and realized that, while college will not give me a foot in the record industry's door, it sure beats living in a cheap apartment in downtown Seattle and subsisting on ramen and Kraft. (You could argue that a Hampshire degree will not change this scenario. You can go ahead and argue that till you're blue in the face, but this article has already been printed about 700 times, so it won't change a damn thing.)

Since you (the reader) are probably a Hampshire student, it

is a reasonable assumption that you went through the same general process. You didn't want to live a typical life, with a typical college degree and a typical job and a typical family with 2.3 children. You wanted to do something creative, though not necessarily in the arts. Let's face it: that's why we all came to Hampshire, on some level or another. We didn't want a useful degree. We wanted to be able to say "I graduated from college" without feeling like a dirty liar.

**Anyhow, the thing I've learned from all this is that failure is relative.** I'm sure most of you felt you had succeeded when you got the acceptance letter from Hampshire (or skillfully bribed the admissions board—I really don't want to know) because it was what you wanted. But what if you had been rejected? Is that a failure or a weird-ass success in disguise?

For example, let's suspend all laws of reality and say that in 1995, K Records inexplicably gave me a record contract based on hearing my zero-budget four-track demo. Let's also say that my parents' reaction to this is to let me live the life of a recording artist rather than go to college. (The sheer improbability of this situation may make some peoples'

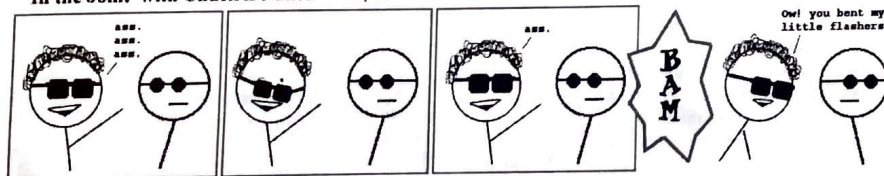
noses bleed, so I understand if you have to sit this one out.) That would have struck me as a success at the time, but I imagine that driving across the country and playing to double-digit crowds night after night gets old after a while. I remember reading somewhere that R.E.M. fondly remembers doing that, but that's easy to say from a heated tour bus. I'm not saying that this lifestyle indicates failure, I'm just saying that the word "failure" would enter my head much more often in this scenario.

There are a bunch of lessons to be learned from this. First, do not make an ironclad plan for your life when you're 14. Second, prepare to back down, and frequently. When you're growing up, everyone tells you to set goals and never give up until you achieve them. This would work fine if people always set achievable goals; but we don't, and I have yet to see anyone champion the fine art of throwing in the towel. Third, learn how to be a little optimistic about the things you do. Even you pessimists will find your life is a lot easier when you can say "Eh, this term paper is good enough." And fourth, never write preachy articles for student-run publications.

My original intent was to write a nice, tidy ending for this article, but fuck that. I'm going to go play Quake.

'In the Joint' with Chuck is Naked

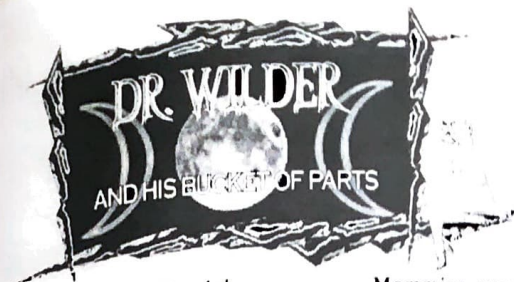
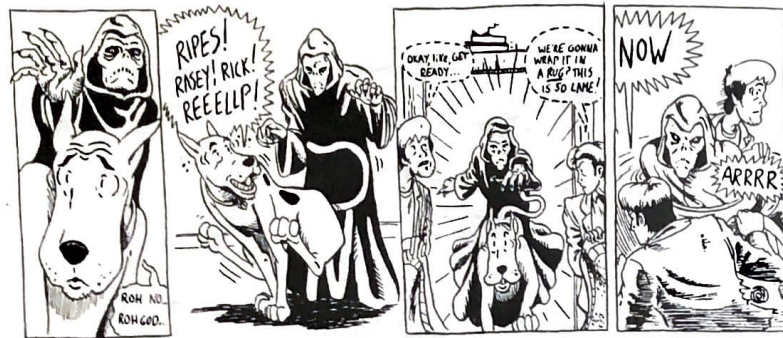
By C'aleh C'habot











## Agents of the Empire are Everywhere

by J. Wilder Korschak

**T**his is a dream I had last night. I'm not sure if it means anything...

The dream was about another time, not so far away, when the world's governments actually began to care about the world's people. Now, I don't mean about the wellbeing of the people—no—instead, actually caring about the nitty-gritty details of their funny little lives. They wanted to know every nickname, whether he snored, if she'd eat cous-cous, what their childhood pets were, her favorite color, how he lost his virginity, the music they liked, what made him laugh, what made her cry, what made them happy at all.

The governments gave a shit for this reason: if they gathered enough personal dirt, if they could accurately identify you from personal details, then they could feed the data into a simple machine, and with it, they could blow you up. Boom! You'd be walking down the street, some official would decide you were too much trouble, push a button, and BOOM. You explode. Boom! Head goes one way. Boom! Arms another. Boom! Splatter. Messy messy. Boom...

In the dream, this made for a particularly unpleasant world. Wherever you went, people warned you, "the agents of the empire everywhere."

Mommies would say, "Keep warm, look both ways when crossing the road, and always remember, the agents of the empire are everywhere. You wouldn't want them to blow you up now, would you?"

I was in a mall, but I couldn't buy anything for myself, because that would give too much truth away. I bought things for a friend instead. Somewhere, she bought things for me. Walking around, I couldn't introduce myself to anyone. I had a secret name. I signed everything "Ross Perot."

**Eating a sandwich that I hated, I saw a beautiful brunette, with hair like wet cedar, walking out of Sears with a new chainsaw. I knew I knew her, and I wanted to know her better... but we couldn't trust dating. She might get angry with me for leaving rotten kiwi in the bathtub, and then go off and sell the fact that I didn't take my socks off during sex to the Big-Bad Government. They'd blow me up in exchange for her future services as an Agent of the Empire. Boom. No more Ross Perot. Head one way. Ears another.**

But, thinking about it now, I find that the amount of distrust in the dream was truly far more disturbing than were

the regularly exploding pedestrians. After a while, and the purchase of a rain slicker, the exploding passersby didn't bother you so much. What got to you, instead, was the constant silence, the wall you had to build; it was the fear and the loneliness that burned you up inside. The people of the world now suffered the ultimate isolation: fear in growing close to someone else; fear that they would use your hopes, dreams, and details to destroy you; fear that you could not know who to love, that you could not love. For, as your mother always told you, god rest her soul, the Agents of the Empire Were Everywhere.

So maybe the dream meant something after all.

So maybe I should learn to stop being afraid of intimacy.

No. No, I don't think so. Truth be told, I'm not afraid of intimacy. I think it's more likely that I'm afraid that the world is afraid of intimacy, and I'm the only one who wants to tell people my real name isn't Ross Perot, and I really don't need to buy Bikini-Bear hair removal products.

But... until everyone agrees to stop being agents of the empire... if you don't know me, I'm 6 foot 11 inches tall, have dirty blond hair, love bright colors and pop music, and have a fetish involving a woman dressed as a lobster.



# 31 Random Things About Jess

by Jessica VanScoy

I recieved a questionnaire thingie on my e-mail some time ago from a friend. And, hey, I thought... I can't think of anything else to print... so why not exploit AOL?

1. Name:  
Jessica Taylor VanScoy

2. If there are 3 wells: health, wealth, & love, and you can drink from only 2 of them, which ones do you drink from?  
Wealth and love, I would rather die being in love and monetarily comfy. You get better sponge baths that way.

3. Do you wish on stars?  
Sometimes.

4. Which finger is your favorite?  
My sixth one on my right hand.

5. What is the most disgusting food you have ever eaten?  
Squash makes me sick.

6. Would you kill someone?  
Depends on the situation, so, yes. (i.e. my boss in Noho).

7. When did you last cry?  
Last week. (coincidentally—I sent this out to male and female friends. Males answered with "March" or "Never," females "Yesterday" or "Last week" <scoff> typical).

8. If you were making a movie about yourself, what actor/actress would play you?  
Levar Burton "But don't take MY word for it!"

9. What TV show or movie best describes your life?  
"Earth Girls are Easy"

10. Do you like your handwriting?  
Yup.

11. Who are you jealous of?  
You.

12. What is your favorite lunch meat?  
Hummus.

13. Do you have any bad habits?  
I laugh at things that normal people don't find funny. (i.e. people falling on their ass, people bawling in movies, *South Park*...)

14. What store would you never be caught dead in?  
Sex novelty store. Jesus Christ.

15. If you were another person, would you be friends with you?  
Sure, I'm cool as hell.

16. Are you a daredevil?  
I think so.

17. Do you follow or lead?  
Lead, in most cases. Unless it means a lot to the other person to lead, then I let them fulfill their egos.

18. Have you ever told a secret that you swore you wouldn't?  
Yes. You promise you won't tell?

19. Have you ever stolen anything?  
Yes. I'm not going into this.

20. Do looks matter?  
Now here's a stupid question, of course they do.

21. Have you ever met anyone famous?  
Ted Neely, Kevin Smith... <cough/mutter> Michael Moore.

22. Do you think there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?  
Heeeelllll no.

23. Are you trendy?  
Heeeelllll no.

24. What do you do to vent anger?  
Talk to someone.

25. Who is your second family?  
The Business/Financial Aid Office

26. Do you trust others easily?  
Yes, unfortunately.

27. What was your favorite toy as a child?  
I still play with them now, but... The Easy Bake Oven, Play-Do, My Little Ponies and my Peanuts Slushie Maker.

28. What class in school do you think is totally pointless?  
The way they teach them right now... Phys Ed. They should have more variety than soccer. I didn't know there was a variety that I could like until I was 18.

**29. What is the punch-line to your favorite joke?**  
**"No, but she makes one hell of a quiche."** Yay, Jen!

30. Do you like love songs?  
God, yes.

31. Do you think your life so far has been good?  
I hope to hell it gets better... but otherwise, yes.

# 33 More Random Things About Jess

32. Which was your best Halloween costume?  
Jem, when I was seven. I hate halloween, so...

33. Have you ever been on radio or television?  
Both.

34. Do you keep a diary?  
Not any more. Even when I was 18 people read it. Nosy fuckers.

35. Have you ever intentionally hurt another person?  
Maybe once or ten times, but I regretted it right after.

36. Do you like sarcasm?—Are you fucking kidding me?

37. Have you ever been in a mosh pit?  
Yeah, in Birks. I got sucked in.

38. Do you always wear a seat belt?  
Nope.

39. Do you feel understood most of the time?  
No way. People tell me I'm weird. Amber (my best friend who lives in Washington) understands me all the time, though, which is weird in itself.

40. Do you drink milk?  
All the time, esp. when stoned. Mmmmm.

41. Would you rather have a sore throat or an upset stomach?  
Upset stomach. Sore throats are a bitch.

42. Do you know what 'mung' is?  
It means "cool." That's sooo mung.

43. Who is your favorite soap opera star?  
Cough Cough...

44. Do you keep your underwear and socks in the same drawer or in separate ones?  
Same.

45. Did you pay money to see *Honey I Shrank The Kids*?  
No. Ewww.

46. Would you rather be hot or cold?  
Cold.

47. Did you cry when the Oklahoma City Bombing occurred?  
Negative.

48. What is the first thing on your Christmas list?  
Money

49. What was the best Christmas present you received?  
Money

50. Could you be a vegetarian?  
Nope.

51. What word phrase do you use when you think something is good?  
Rad, sweet, DIVINE

52. What band has the worst name?  
Domestic Violence. What the hell are they trying to say?!

53. Would you ever bungee jump?  
In a second.

54. Do you untie your shoes every time you take them off?  
Nope.

55. Would you rather wear uniforms to school?  
I can see the point they are trying to make but I think it would drive me positively mad.

56. Have you ever given money to

a bum?  
Yes. My favorite was one named Leroy in Chicago. I already told you about him though, last year.

57. What are you worried about right now?  
Money, lack of good ideas for articles due three days ago.

58. Do you ever wear overalls?  
Grody, no.

59. Do you think you are strong (emotionally)?  
It really depends on the situation.

60. Give one random, little unknown fact about yourself:  
I like the smell of Old Spice deoderant. I can smell it from a mile away and I loooove it. Mmm hmm. I smell random guys' pits a lot...

61. What is the oldest age of a person you would ever date?  
76. After that the catheter gets in the way.

62. What is the worst thing about you?  
I'm a self-conscious egotist. Figure that one out.

63. What is the best thing about you?  
I let people open up to me and I listen. I actually care. I'm a hardworker.

64. Lastly, write one good thing about the person that sent this to you:  
Jen, I'll see you in England, lovey.

As a sidenote, now that you know all of this about me... let me tell you, I talked to all of your parents this weekend and know even more about you. Mwaa hahahaha. So that's how you got to be nicknamed "Stumpy." Hahahaha hahahaha ha hah hah hah hah hah.



# Cum on Eileen

by Brady Burroughs

**P**roduced by Real College Girl We can't make Video like this. You can't move any moment. She always seems to be in a bad mood 'cause her figure, but actually she's an affable person. Incredible Huge Boob and Big Nipples Like ACD! Wet Tee & Huge Tits Like a Cow. Tits fetish only. 15 Facials and 3 Mouthfuls included!! Fascinated Busty illusion. It doesn't matter about nation, because Tits is Tits! Last night, I had a masterbate too much so I'm really worry today's class. Clit: 5mm at usual /7mm when elected Does she looks like stupid? Because she's full of young and healthy. She likes Fuxx what ever she say!! Facial cum shot mania only. Cute face masterbate!! A lots of blow jobs tasty. Rumi is an office lady, who misappropriated for three months. His boss has already know this interrogates her, but she says "no." So, he ties her up and gives the strangers' sperm her for two days. Actually, this party had been proposed... he opens starting to molest her whole body with his son-of-owner authority. Petting Breast and Forcible Mouthfuls!! Forcibly, she is played with blow-job and body-lotion. She calls another student who was watching that with envy to come to the dressing room, and masturbation in front of the student in nervous. After getting ecstasy, she takes blow-job his so hard dick!! This coach's slut nature is getting peeled off gradually! At the side of the pool, the coach molests her well-rounded

body, and forces her to swim crack suddenly gets starting by his remote control!! She can't disguise her feeling, and she waddles away to toilet. The boyfriend can't stop himself and tries to her mess more and more!! Her gasped voice changes to sobbing



Watch tea bags testicle horny.

voice, because of the thrusting boner violently at an emergency staircase. Nana has obscene body under the child-faced mask. She herself extends happily the crack and she blows the cock. Those happenings are beyond our expectation! The exposure training of this time will be able to be called success.

A real nurse gets stating to see all the 86 guys! She sees

cocks of them and drinks up their semen. She drinks another one again after receiving with her mouse once. A money-lender, Mr. Takemura presses Miss. Ryo for repaying her debt! She receives his indecent sexual harassment instead of that. In the office, her

pants are taken down, shaven the hair, inserted a vibrator and taken out to have a shame. Later, in the office again and again. ToTal 210 Cum Shot by 96 Men. It's favorable for someone who wants to see cum-shots as many as possible, and the costume is also pretty. Nasty 20 working women! Facial cum shots a lots. 20 Boobs Get a Fuckin' Heaven!! D-cup Paradise. Voluptuous young wife doing blow job and suck on a sticky stick! Takes a three-times mouthful without hesitating, scrubs it, and receives a 11-times facial cum!! She is a serious office worker, make her sacrificed to the Milky guys. At first she had been a bit nervous because there was so many guys, but the instant she saw the guy's so many dicks, she became feel pleasure and had a masturbation and drinks up the sperm with great relish!! Now, we have a mouthful princess.

This dick lover sucks it up the guy's and drinks it for 16 men!! Unbelievable!! She gently blows their hard big cocks. Mouthful! Shiho has a suck at a dick carefully after picking his ear, and receive it and swallow it affectionately!!

29 years old wife takes care of a spoilt child. She puts on an act as that change diaper,

continued on next page

# A Simple Protest

by Jennifer Gifford

**Y**ou know the scene. You and a group of your friends are standing around a birthday cake, just for argument's sake. They begin to sing the song . . . the Happy Birthday song. You know how it goes . . . "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you . . ."

By now your ears are bleeding, and you fall to the floor foaming at the mouth. Your friends gleefully continue while you lay dying on the floor. With a slight moan you fade into unconsciousness as the last few notes fall like napalm on your ears.

Alright. So now we have the scenario down pat. Let us extend our imaginations to put me in the place that was you. I am the one suffering through the terrible agony of that song. And it's all true! While here at Hampshire, I have heard that song at least six times. And while listening to it for the third or fourth time, I came to realize just why that song is so terrible. Nobody knows what key it's in! Let's face it . . . have you ever heard that song sung in tune? Even my high school choir, which had won awards, couldn't sing that song without killing a few people. Who was the evil person who wrote a song that nobody could sing, and then launch the tradition of singing it on every birthday? This person should rot in hell.

continued from previous page

but licks a dirty penis. Also her acting of having facial shots creates a sexy attractive. Extra-fiendish guy harasses her but she can't understand why. Forcible Mouthfuls!! Blast-off onto her suits!! At last, she receives semen with her face, and is taken out and left alone in the street!! Her anus is exposed and

And so, I lodge a protest against the Happy Birthday song. I don't believe that it is a humane or decent thing to sing that song to someone on their birthday, a day that should be filled with happiness. It's cruel and unusual punishment!! This country doesn't even subject its worst criminals to methods that severe—so why would you want to do it to your friends? Perhaps you just weren't aware of the dangers of this song. Perhaps you are slightly deaf, so you are unable to tell what you are doing. That is why I have undertaken to educate the people.

I decided that I can't lodge a protest without a few alternative suggestions to throw on the table. I thought, **perhaps instead of singing the song, everyone could just beat the shit out of the birthday person** (kind of an extension of the birthday smacks). I thought that this might be a lot of fun for all of the birthday guests . . . a way to sort of get out frustrations. But then I realized that once it was my birthday, I wouldn't like to get my ass kicked, so I scratched that idea.

Then I thought that maybe instead of singing the song, there could just be a group orgy. This would be fun for everyone, including the birthday person, and also a way to relieve frustra-

tion. But then I thought about my friends. I thought, there are just some people that I wouldn't want to have sex with. No matter what. And I wouldn't want to be called a party pooper.

So, what then? How do I prevent this painful ordeal from occurring every year? How do I save myself and my friends from the painful scenario described above. This stumped me for quite a while. I took long walks in the woods, meditated for hours on end, stood on my head . . . even spent a few hours in SAGA . . . all to no avail. The situation seemed hopeless. I was an activist trying to change the world, with no idea what a real solution to this problem might be. Should we just stop having birthdays all together?

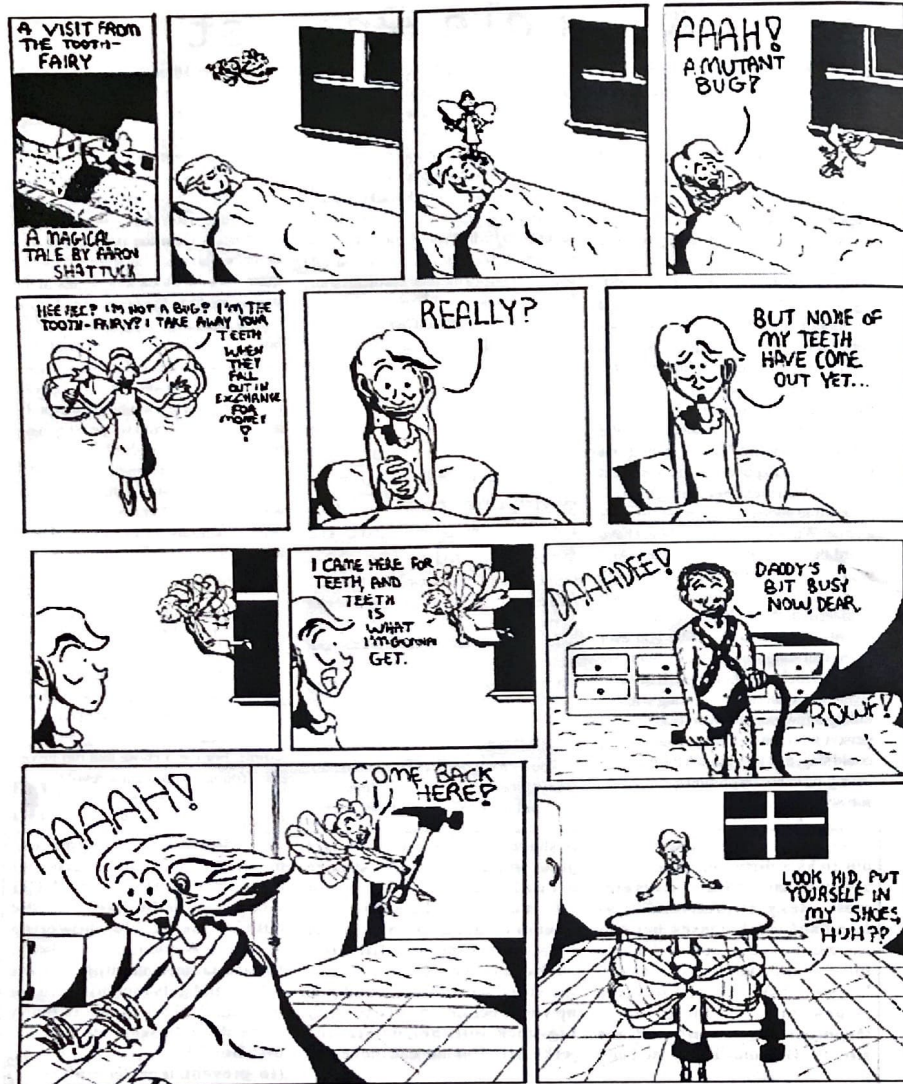
Then one night, it hit me! I stood in the shower letting the water wash over my miserable self, and suddenly a realization came to me. There are lots of songs in the world that people can sing!! So, what if everyone chose a song that they wanted people to sing to them on their birthday? This could save millions of lives! And it might add a little individuality to that ancient tradition of the birthday celebration. I am a genius!!!!

So now it's up to you to choose your birthday song . . . don't make it too complicated. Just something nice and simple. For me, I chose that old favorite, "You say you want a revolution . . . well, you know, we all wanna change the world."

is shaven the hairs of her secret parts and armpit! Some strange her colleagues try to take her for out lunch but she refuses it. Then they get angry and tie her up with a rope and fill dirty cocks into her mouse! She gets incontinence and is around tied up with necktie, inserts his dirty big cock into her mouth and jerks off. But he can never be

calm down so tries more and more...Satomi's crack gets put in penis against her will! Her face is gonna be like a candle with so inexorable showering sperm!! A pert office lady, Hikaru takes a mouthful in the office, and gets incontinence for scaring. And when she is really messed and broken, we kick her off! Bomb!  
(to prevent legal complica-





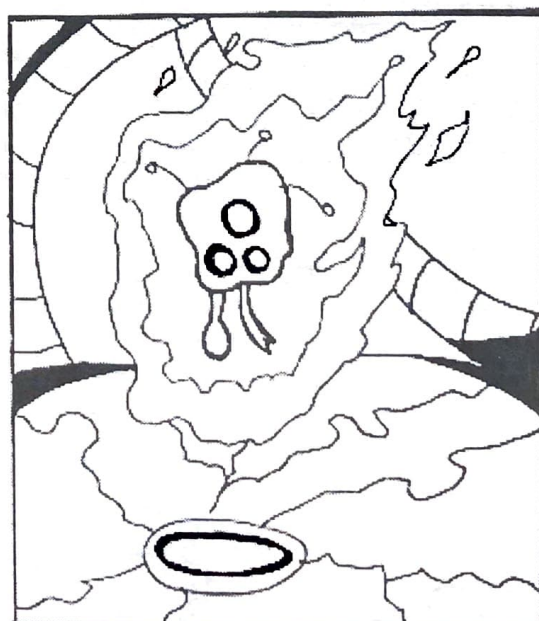


Aaron Shattuck is yet another white, middle class college student with absolutely *nothing* interesting to say about anything. He has no friends, but he does have an elf puppet.



Vinny "One Arm" McGirwin is a dangerously overweight colorist with a rather unorthodox technique. You see, he uses a special, invisible ink that can only be seen by baby squirrels. He does this to annoy people and gain favor with the baby squirrels, to whom he bears an unnatural affection.

Vrax Plxzs is a superior being from the outer reaches of space. For reasons unknown, he has decided to grant the vast wisdom accumulated by his ancient race, to the puny people of earth, by controlling Aaron's mind and forcing him to record the fables of Vax's culture (virtually all of which are about tooth fairies attacking little girls.) He always spends at least one third of his paycheck on pornography.



Submitted by Aaron Shattuck